

wonders what to do
about the bodies
strewn about.

He'll ask Dilsey--
If she still speaks to him.

'My God it's you!'

"In the chubby flesh."

"Before you even start!
I realize I'm not the Beauty
of the Western world!"

"Should maybe try the EAST?"

"That tongue in there or slicing machine?"

"Okay okay! I wanna ask you how help
those I've..."

"Figuratively murdered?"

"I guess...and by the way, you
ARE beautiful!"

“Ooops! Gaslight on and off?”

“I mean every SYLLABLE!”

“That’s a FIRST!”

“...and I thought be easy.”

“Nothing is when YOU FEEL!”

“Evet!”

“Ev...?”

“Turkish.”

“Well try not knowing everything
for next few minutes.”